The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1800.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

—ILDEGERTE—

[*Continued from page* 10.] to page 17

AT this time, ſays our ſtory, the king of Sweden, by name Canfried, was making the tour of the courts of the North; he is repreſented handſome and engaging in his outward appearance, but

"Ambition brooded in the dark receſſes of his ſoul—the thirſt for power flaſhed from his ſcowling eye."

Arriving at the court of Thora, he was received in a manner ſuitable to his rank, and a ſplendid tournament was appointed; and after the knights had ſufficiently recreated themſelves with warlike diverſions, the queen deſired the heroines attendant at her palace, to enter the liſts, which they did, and requeſted the honor of breaking a lance with Canfried. He accepted the challenge, ſeized his ſpear, mounted his charger and entered the liſts. All the attempts of the Amazons were vain againſt the ſtrong arm of the Swediſh monarch, until Ildegerte appeared—

"Swift as an arrow ſhe ruſhed againſt the king"—

and had nearly unhorſed him; when, expreſſing aſtoniſhment at the ſtrength of his antagoniſt, he requeſted permiſſion to ſee her face; ſhe complied, and the firſt glance from Ildegerte ſtruck deep into the heart of Canfried; he could ſcarcely ſtammer out his admiration, for love had taken entire poſſeſſion of him.

In a favorite wood near the palace was a fall of water, forming a baſon at the mountain's baſe. In the cool of the evening Ildegerte uſually went to bathe in this place. On the day of the tournament, in the evening, ſhe ventured to the accuſtomed ſpot, unobſerved, as ſhe thought, by mortal eye; however, as the wood reſounded with mirth, ſhe did not lay aſide her attire, but merely caſting off her ſandals, ſhe ſtepped into a ſhallow part where the water ſcarcely ſprinkled her ancles.

Notwithſtanding the precaution of Ildegerte, ſhe was perceived by Canfried, who following her, ruſhed from a thicket and with a loud laugh ſeized upon her ſandals. This intruſion was ſeverely reprimanded by the heroine; yet the king deſiſted not from his amorous rhetoric, calculated to win her to his purpoſe; he continued until Ildegerte, highly incenſed, ſmote him on the face and fled; he purſued her with fury in his countenance, but the nimble-footed Ildegerte outran his ſwifteſt ſpeed—and gaining the preſence of Thora, ſhe humbled herſelf at the feet of her ſovereign and was ſilent. Canfried, who ſoon after arrived, felt no deſire to make public the indignity he had ſuſtained—the queen, however, quickly diſcovered the naked feet of her favorite, and demanded why ſhe was without ſandals?

Ildegerte told the ſtory of her bathing, and in a ſarcaſtic manner, concluded with obſerving, that ſome beaſt of the foreſt muſt have ſtolen her ſandals, which ſo enraged the Swediſh monarch, that he roared out—

"That beaſt was I, that the ſandals belonged to you I knew not; for had I known it they had lain there ſtill."

Saying this, he caſt them at the feet of Ildegerte, when Thora remonſtrated in rather ſevere language, againſt his conduct.

Canfried returned that very night to his native country, brooding in his mind a terrible revenge, which afterwards cauſed a world of bloodſhed.

[*To be continued.*]

What IS, *and what* OUGHT TO BE, *the Character of a Gentleman—Concluded from page* 13.

THE firſt of great poets, in his character of Hector, has given us the lineaments of the firſt and moſt finiſhed gentleman that we meet in prophane hiſtory, admirably and amiably inſtanced in his attachments to his country, in his filial affections, in his conjugal delicacies, in his paternal feelings, in his ardor for his friends, in his humanity to his enemies, and even in his piety to the gods that he worſhipped, (no deduction from his courage according to ancient arithmetic !)

Some time after the battle of Creſſy, Edward the third of England, and Edward the Black Prince, the more than heir to his father's renown, preſſed John king of France to indulge them with the favor of his company at London. John was deſirous of embracing the invitation, and accordingly laid the propoſal before his parliament at Paris. The parliament objected, that the invitation had been made with an inſidious deſign of ſeizing his perſon, thereby to make the cheaper and eaſier acquiſition to the crown, to which Edward at that time pretended. But John replied, with ſome warmth, that he was confident his brother Edward, and more eſpecially his young couſin, were too much of the *gentleman*, to treat him in that manner. He did not ſay too much of the king, of the hero, or of the ſaint, but too much of the *gentleman*, to be guilty of any baſeneſs.

The ſequel verified this opinion. At the battle of Poictiers king John was made priſoner, and ſoon after conducted by the Black Prince to England, the prince entering London in triumph, amid the throng and acclamations of millions of the people. But then this rather appeared to be the triumph of the French king, than that of his conqueror. John was ſeated on a proud ſteed, royally robed, and attended by a numerous gorgeous train of the Britiſh nobility; while his conqueror endeavored, as much as poſſible, to diſappear, and rode by his ſide in plain attire, and degradingly ſeated on a little Iriſh hobby.

As Ariſtotle and the Critics derived their rules, for epic poetry and the ſublime, from a poem which Homer had written long before the rules were formed, or laws eſtabliſhed for the purpoſe; thus, from the demeanor and innate principles of particular gentlemen, art has borrowed and inſtituted the many modes of behavior, which the world has adopted under the name of good-manners.

One quality of a gentlemnn is that of charity to the poor; and this is delicately inſtanced in the account which Don Quixote gives to his faſt friend Sancho Panſa, of the valorous but yet more pious knight errant Saint Martin.

On a day ſaid the Don, Saint Martin met a poor man half naked, and taking his cloak from his ſhoulders, he divided it and gave him the one half. Now tell me, at what time of the year this happened. Was I witneſs?—quoth Sancho. How the vengeance ſhould I know in what year, or what time of the year, it happened? Hadſt thou, Sancho, rejoined the knight, any thing within thee of the ſentiment of Saint Martin, thou muſt aſſuredly have known that this happened in winter; for had it been ſummer, ſaint Martin would have given the whole cloak.

Another characteriſtic of the true gentleman, is a delicacy of behavior toward that ſex, whom nature has entitled to the protection, and conſequently entitled to the tenderneſs of man.

The ſame gentleman-errant, entering into a wood on a ſummer's evening, found himſelf entangled among nets of green thread, that, here and there, hung from tree to tree; and conceiving it ſome matter of purpoſed conjuration, puſhed valorouſly forward to break through the enchantment. Hereupon ſome beautiful ſhepherdeſſes interpoſed with a cry, and beſought him to ſpare the implements of their innocent recreation. The knight, ſurpriſed and charmed by the viſion, replied—Fair creatures! my province is to protect, not to injure; to ſeek all means of ſervice, but never of offence, more eſpecially to your ſex and apparent excellencies. Your pretty nets take up but a ſmall piece of favored ground; but did they incloſe the world, I would ſeek out new worlds whereby I might win a paſſage, rather than break them.

Two very lovely, but ſhamefaced girls, had a cauſe of ſome conſequence depending at Weſtminſter, that indiſpenſably required their perſonal appearance. They were relations of ſir Joſeph Jekyl, and, on this tremendous occaſion, requeſted his company and countenance at the court. Sir Joſeph attended accordingly; and the cauſe being opened, the judge demanded whether he was to entitle theſe ladies ſpinſters? No, my lord, ſaid ſir Joſeph, they are lilies of the valley; they toil not, neither do they ſpin; yet you ſee that no monarch in all his glory was ever arrayed like one of theſe.

Another very peculiar characteriſtic of a gentleman is, the giving place, and yielding to all with whom he has to do.

Of this we have a ſhining and affecting inſtance in Abraham, perhaps the moſt accompliſhed character that may be found in hiſtory, whether ſacred or profane.

A contention had ariſen between the herdſmen of Abraham and the herdſmen of his nephew Lot, reſpecting the propriety of the paſture of the lands wherein they dwelled, that could now ſcarce contain the abundance of

their cattle; and those servants, as is universally the case, had, respectively, endeavoured to kindle and enflame their masters with their own passions.

When Abraham, in consequence of this, perceived that the countenance of Lot began to change toward him, he called, and generously expostulated with him as follows:

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and "thee, or between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we "be brethren. If it be thy desire to separate thyself from "me, is not the whole land before thee? if thou wilt take "the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou "depart to the right hand, then will I go to the left.

Another capital quality of the true Gentleman is, that of feeling himself concerned and interested in others. Never was there so benevolent, so affecting, so pathetic a piece of oratory exhibited upon earth, as that of Abraham's pleading with God for averting the judgments that then impended over Sodom. But the matter is already so generally celebrated, that I am constrained to refer my reader to the passage at full; since the smallest Abridgment must deduct from its beauties, and that nothing can be added to the excellencies thereof.

Honour, again, is said, in scripture, peculiarly to distinguish the character of a Gentleman; where it is written of Sechem, the son of Hamor, "That he was more "honourable than all the house of his father."

This young prince giving way to the violence of his passion, had dishonourably deflowered Dinah the daughter of Jacob. But his affections and soul cleaved to the party whom he had injured. He set no limits to his offers for repairing the wrong. "Ask me," he said to her kindred, "Ask me ever so much dowry and gift, and I will give ac-"cording as ye shall say unto me; but give me the dam-"sel to wife."

From hence it may be inferred, that humane excellence or humane amiableness, doth not so much consist in a freedom from frailty, as in our recovery from lapses; our detestation of our own transgressions, and our desire of atoning, by all possible means, the injuries we have done, and the offences we have given. Herein therefore may consist the very singular distinction, which the great apostle makes, between his estimation of a just and of a good man. For a just or righteous man, says he, "one would grudge to "die: but for a good man one would even dare to die." Here, the just man is supposed to adhere strictly to the rule of right or equity, and to exact from others the same measure that he is satisfied to meet; but the good man, though occasionally he may fall short of justice, has, properly speaking, no measure to his benevolence; his general propensity is to give more than the due. The just man condemns, and is desirous of punishing the transgressions of the line prescribed to himself; but the good man, in the sense of his own faults and failings, gives latitude, indulgence, and pardon to others; he judges, he condemns no one, save himself. The just man is as a stream that deviates not, to the right or left, from its appointed channel, neither is swelled by the flood of passion above its banks; but the heart of the good man, the man of honour, the Gentleman, is as a lamp lighted by the breath of GOD, and none, save GOD himself, can set limits to the efflux or irradiations thereof.

Again, the Gentleman never envies any superior excellence; but grows himself more excellent, by being the admirer, promoter, and lover thereof.

Saul said to his son Jonathan, "Thou son of the per-"verse rebellious woman! do not I know that thou hast "chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? for as "long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt "not be established, nor thy kingdoms; wherefore send "and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die."—Here every interesting motive, that can possibly be conceived to have an influence on man, united to urge Jonathan to the destruction of David: he would thereby have obeyed his king, and pacified a father who was enraged against him; he would thereby have removed the only luminary that then eclipsed the brightness of his own atchievements; and he saw, as his father said, that the death of David, alone, could establish the kingdom in himself and his posterity: but all those considerations were of no avail, to make Jonathan swerve from honour, to slacken the bands of his faith, or cool the warmth of his friendship. O Jonathan! the sacrifice which thou then madest to virtue, was, incomparably, more illustrious in the sight of God and his angels, than all the subsequent glories to which David attained. What a crown was thine, "Jonathan, when thou wast slain in thine high places!"

Saul of Tarsus, afterwards called Paul, had been a man of bigotry, blood, and violence; making havoc of, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all who were not of his own sect and persuasion. But when the Spirit of that infant, who laid himself in the manger of human flesh, came upon him, he acquired a new heart and a new nature; and he offered himself a willing subject to all the sufferings and persecutions which he had brought upon others.

Paul, from that time, exemplified, in his own perſon, all thoſe qualities of the Gentleman, which he afterwards ſpecifies in his celebrated deſcription of that charity, which, as he ſays, alone endureth for ever.

When Feſtus cried with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art "beſide thyſelf, much learning doth make thee mad:" Paul ſtretched the hand, and anſwered, "I am not mad, "moſt noble Feſtus, but ſpeak forth the words of truth and "ſoberneſs. For the king knoweth of theſe things, before "whom alſo I ſpeak freely; for I am perſuaded that none "of theſe things are hindered from him. King Agrippa, "believeſt thou the prophets? I know that thou believ-"eſt." Then Agrippa ſaid unto Paul, "Almoſt thou per-"ſuadeſt me to be a Chriſtian." And Paul ſaid, "I "would to God, that not only thou, but alſo all that "hear me this day, were not only almoſt, but altogether "ſuch as I am—except thoſe bonds."

Here, with what amiable elegance did this man, in his own perſon, at once ſum up the orator, the ſaint, and the Gentleman!

From theſe inſtances, my friend, you muſt have ſeen, that the character, or rather quality of a gentleman, does not in any degree depend on faſhion or mode, on ſtation or opinion; neither changes with cuſtoms, climates, or ages. But as the Spirit of God can alone inſpire it into man, ſo it is, as God is, the ſame yeſterday, to day, and for ever.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN,

The following, though not very entertaining to a reader, I am induced to ſend you, from the ridiculous light in which it places duelling—reſt aſſured that it is

A FACT.

AT a conſiderable diſtance from this city, and almoſt beyond the political vortex of which Baltimore is the centre, there is an aged couple, who, like Philemon and Baucis (leſs indigent, but equally pious and hoſpitable) were united in their younger days, and have here grown old together. Near ſixty times has this vaſt globe been whirled round the great luminary of heaven, ſince they appeared at the altar of Hymen; during this period they have dwelt in one ſpot. Induſtry has procured them a competency, and contentment has ever been their inſeparable companion. At this time they are bleſſed with a numerous progeny of children and grand-children; among the latter are two, the heroes of my ſtory, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh, the younger by the name of *Juvenis*, and the elder by that of *Lord Blunderbuſs*. To delineate their characters minutely, would not accord with that brevity I have propoſed to myſelf; ſuffice it to ſay, that Juvenis has not yet attained the age of manhood, is of a warm, paſſionate diſpoſition, which uſually predominates at his age, and has a conſiderable ſhare of that pertneſs which the world calls *conceit*; but upon which he himſelf puts a far different conſtruction. Blunderbuſs is near thirty, pretendedly very tenacious of his honor, though a ſolitary ſpark of thoſe exalted principles, which conſtitute the "nobleſt work of God," never glowed in his breaſt; a bachelor, and (I had almoſt ſaid) a miſer. Juvenis has for ſome time paſt been living with his grandfather, who, among all his children, has only retained one as the ſolace of his declining years. Blunderbuſs is ſettled on a farm at a few miles diſtant, and under the cloak of reverence and reſpect for his aged grand-parents, is in the habit of paying them repeated viſits. He always profeſſed a friendſhip for his couſin Juvenis, who was willing to live upon terms of familiarity with him, though his ſagacity had penetrated the flimſy veil in which Blunderbuſs was ſhrouded, and had diſcovered lurking beneath, hypocriſy, envy, malice, and a croud of other reptiles that had there found refuge.

Blunderbuſs' father, Gripe, had impoſed upon the grandſire, his father-in-law, the neceſſity of writing a ſevere letter to him; Juvenis acted as clerk, but made his grandfather ſign his name with his own hand. Gripe received the letter, but could not believe his father-in-law was the author of it, and even inſiſted Juvenis had forged it; he returned an anſwer, of which the following is a copy *verbatim et literatim*—

DEAR SIR,

I received a letter with your name to it, but not in your hand wrighting; I can not beleave that it was wrote by your direction, as it is full of abuſe and fallſhood. And I alſo think the purſon who wrote it muſt be deranged or drunt or theay never could have ſent ſuch a parſel of ſtuf to me without either ſence or juſtice; or good manners. I think it proverble that you ordered a letter wrote, and had it read but it might be deſtroyed and a nother wrote; and ſent to me. Dont miſunderſtand me, for I have not the leaſt thought that you ever ſaw this Letter, for this reaſon I only ſent you my account which I thought right if you thought otherwiſe, certainly you would have told me ſo in friendly manner that we might have ſettled it when we ſaw each other, without abooze, which is not conſiſtent with the gentleman or chriſtant, As I hope and truſt you are which fully convinces me you never directed ſuch a letter to be wrote. The firſt oppertunity I wil

shew you the letter I Recived. This is not meant as an answer to the letter.

I remain yours &c &c &c

GRIPE.

To —— ——

This ungenerous accusation against Juvenis raised his youthful passions to a considerable height. Blunderbuss became the champion of his father, accused Juvenis in the most positive terms, and although explanations were made by the grandfather, nothing would satisfy him but a quarrel; in which, among other mutual accusations and repartees, Juvenis took occasion to hint at his opponent's dishonorable actions; in consequence of this, a few days after he received the following note:

SIR,

I wish to be informed by you in writing the dishonorable part of my conduct, that you and the world are so well acquainted with. I will send a boy for the answer.

BLUNDERBUSS.

To which the pacific dispostion of Juvenis induced him to write the following laconicism:

MY LORD,

The old saying is, "the least said is soonest mended." If you have ever acted dishonorably, your conscience must tell you of it—Reflect—reform—repent.

JUVENIS.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

I recived your note and am much surprised to to find you have just discovered the oaled saying the least said is the soonest mended, I should rather surpoled a man whose life has bean spent in seeking after knowledge would have thought of that before he brought his charge; but Sir is it consistant with the man of learning or Grate man which I presume you are; to Charge me in the presance of my Grand Fare and mother of acting *dishonorable* and refuse to say in what instance did I not demand of you at that time your answer was to have patience as you would not wish to say in their presence, this Sir I presume was to make them believe I had bean Gilty of some shamefull act too shocking for a man of your delicacy to relate in thier presance; but why refuse to mention it to day in your note after my request; Sir I can inform you that my conscience condemn's me for no part of my life as being *dishonorable*; and you shall prove the fact or acknolege your self rong; I consider my reputation at stake, I consider myself bound by all the tythes of a man to have the matter explained, and you Sir, the jintleman, as you so often repeated are more firmly Bound.

BLUNDERBUSS.

To which sublime and authoritative language, Juvenis answered—

MY LORD,

Your *pathetic, incongruous, heterogeneous, philological, bombastical* epistle, is now before me. I confess your logic is *not* indicative of the "man of learning or Grate man which I presume you are"—not. Now you see I speak the truth, my lord; I say what I think. Does not your "conscience" say you act *dishonorable* when you tell a lie? Granted, say you. And do you not tell a lie when you say you presume I am a learned and a great man, when at the same time you do not believe so? You have forgot what you said the other night. Take care, you are in the mire; perhaps in attempting to draw one foot out, you will sink the other deeper. You seem to be very much frightened at the idea of grandfather and mother's knowing your dishonorable deeds; you think it very inconsistent to hint them and not relate them; but what was my reason, my lord? Did I not tell you that their ears had been sufficiently grated with your harsh language, and that I did not wish to say any thing more to cause a repetition of damning to h—ll, blood, fury, and smell powder talk?* But you ask why I would not make explanations on Saturday last—Why, my lord, any person who has the smallest particle of common sense, might discover from the tenor of that note, that my desire was (at my grandfather's request) to cease quarrelling, and not add fuel to a fire which had already arrived at too great a height—But your feelings are very tender sometimes.

The conclusion of your letter is rather too much on the sublime strain for me. I can't fathom the depth of your ideas—To be sure I understand you when you say your reputation is at stake; I pity you—you are in a sad hobble; but I really do not understand you when you say "I consider myself bound by all the tythes of a man to have the matter explained and you sir the jintleman as you so often repeated are more firmly Bound." Please write in a more intelligible stile in your next.

You say I *shall* prove the fact, or acknowledge myself "rong"—you speak like a tyrant—But what fact am I to prove? That your "conscience condemns you for no part of your life as being dishonorable"? I can't prove any thing about your conscience; but how you'd blush, if in proving you dishonorable, I should prove something worse. Do'nt write *shall* again—What I know of you, I'll tell the world and you when I please, and not before; and I

* *It must be observed that Blunderbuss in the course of the quarrel, threatened to make Juvenis smell powder.*

shall not make any acknowledgements to you or any other person.

JUVENIS.

This was too much for my lord—in a moment of phrenzy he wrote as follows:

SIR,

To end all disputes I command you as a jintleman and as a man of sperit to meet me Next Tuesday at 10 a clock in our Grand Fathers Peach orchard (which is now in wheat a Bove the Barn) with your second and Pistoles (or you shall have choice of my Pistoles.)

BLUNDERBUSS.

P. S. I take this method of delivering this to you, to prevent the famually from discovering it.

This mode of delivery was through an old man who lived at the grandfather's as a weaver, from whom Juvenis soon received it and gave the following answer.

MY LORD,

No less willing to obey your "commands" than "to end all disputes," I accede to your spirited proposition.—You are aware of my being totally unacquainted with pistols, whereas you, on the contrary, have trained yourself to their use with much diligence. Upon the principles of fair play, therefore, I have only to beg that you will lend me one of yours, that I may discover whether it puts the ball above or below, to the right or left of the mark, as the utmost precision is required to shoot at the devil's darning needle.*

If you refuse this, I shall meet you on the ground with my grandfather's rifle, and I conjure you "as a jintleman and a man of sperit" not to let your legs bear off your body behind the stone barn. I also seriously recommend you to procure a priest, as the multitude of your sins, heaped up like *Ossa* upon *Pelion*, will require divine interposition to destroy.

JUVENIS.

P. S. Your mode of coveyance was eligible. To prevent discovery you will receive this through the same channel.

Next morning Blunderbuss dispatched his boy with a pistol and a small quantity of ammunition with the following note.

SIR,

Your proposial of the fair play, is just. I have sent the boy with the *Pistols* and half of my ammunition which is not grate—as to the *needle*, *priest*, and *sins* they are two trifelling to notis at this time as we shall soon *settle* all in a propper manner. If I have any thing more nessesary I am still willing to serve you, but let me no by the boy as I shall not be at home till Monday evaning when I shall be prepared for the next day

THE ANSWER OF JUVENIS.

MY LORD,

Among the serious speculative ideas that have passed thro' my mind, concerning the approaching contest in support of our honors, one thing has occured to me which I cannot refrain from communicating.—It is this—Let who will fall, the crime lies at your door—You were originally the aggresor party, and so you have continued till the present moment. Upon an impartial retrospective view of our dispute, I find myself constantly acting upon the defensive. In the first place I am accused of Forgery—I defend myself—you urge me to a quarrel, I am acquitted. You then call me to an account for something I had uttered injurous to your character; and next you send a challenge. To defend myself and my honour, I accept it. Thus you will find the whole affair, in recurring to its source, is one continued art of hostility, on your side—If I fall—I fall in my own defence—I leave nothing behind, except an unalterable regard for a few individuals, and consolation of having lived *honestly* and died *honorably*.

But to reverse the picture—should fate be unpropitious to you, alas, you go *with all your imperfections on your head* to grope in the dark for the snarling old Boatman of the River Styx, who being as covetous a fellow as yourself will take all your estate to pay your passage.

I wish you to appear on the ground an hour earlier than you propose, which will be nine o'clock—I shall be there at that hour.—Farewell.

JUVENIS.

TO MY LORD BLUNDERBUSS.

It ought to have been premised that the boy who brought the Pistol and letter from Blunderbuss, either wilfully or negligently went into the Kitchen among the servants who discovered what was going forward. His orders were or should have been to deliver his charge into the hands of the old man through whom the challenge was conveyed. However, Juvenis took every measure to prevent a discovery; but to no purpose, for the servants soon began to talk of the matter, and at length put it in a train to reach the Grandfather's ears; whose astonishment soon ripened into anger; he searched for the concealed Pistol; and put it under a lock and key. He insisted upon Juvenis giving him the particulars of the challenge; who satisfied that nothing could be done now, with much reluctance yielded to his Grandfather's solicitations.

* *Blunderbuss is a remarkably tall, slim person.*

Next morning was the fatal Tuesday. Juvenis was uneasy on account of the declaration his grandfather had made of his intention to meet Blunderbuss himself, lest it should be said that he, (Juvenis) had invited him there; and what vexed him more was, that his grandfather early that very morning, had secretly sent off for Blunderbuss' uncle, who came, and whilst he was busy in consultation with the family, Juvenis stole off with his grandfather's rifle, and hastened to the old weaver who had promised to be his second, as there was no young man in the neighborhood. The old fellow refused to accompany him. Juvenis went alone to the spot, sat a few moments on the fence, when Blunderbuss and his second rode up, dismounted, whispered a minute or two, and walked slowly and cautiously towards Juvenis; who, having saluted them, discovered that Blunderbuss, from his keeping rather at a distance, with his hand on his pocket, was apprehensive of some advantage being taken. He hastily asked Juvenis "where is your second?"—Juvenis informed him that his intended second had deceived him, and after telling Blunderbuss that he had acted with a great deal of duplicity or negligence, related the circumstance of the boy's shewing the pistol, and the consequent discovery: and added, "if you are determined to go any farther in the business, I will take this (pointing to the rifle) and meet you." Blunderbuss refused.

In the mean time, however, the grandfather and uncle had missed Juvenis and the rifle, and immediately started for the place where the parties were to meet; they had not been there long, before Blunderbuss insinuated that the discovery was made by Juvenis himself, who abruptly gave him the lie—Blunderbuss sprang forward and struck him with his cane: a battle ensued; in which Blunderbuss, besides scratching and clawing like a cat, endeavored to employ a horrid and inhuman practice, gouging, but he gained nothing by this, as Juvenis, had no person interfered, taking advantage of an opportunity that offered, would have——motives of delicacy prevent me from saying any more.

[How would the duellists of yore have smiled at such a circumstance—but in these degenerate days it is quite customary to let such things evaporate in *fumo*: and it is a certain fact, that in this city, within the last year, many affairs of *honor* have terminated with as much credit to the parties—I recommend two of the above letters (those of Blunderbuss) as examples of challenge-writing.—By copying them exactly a man cannot fail of coming off with eclat.]

Baltimore.

NEWS.

Within the last week, news of some importance has been received from Europe in different parts of the United States. The Russians have positively returned home, but a number of her troops are to be taken into the pay of England; these will be employed in the secret expeditions now on foot: France is organizing a new army to be concentered at Dijon, about 138 miles S. E. of Paris; this corps of reserve will be commanded by consul Buonaparte; and at the same time the French government hold out honorary rewards to the youth and others who shall join the armies who are now employed on the frontiers—The American commissioners have arrived at Paris, received kindly by the French government, and a commission of three appointed to arrange matters with them, viz. citizens Fleurieu, Roederer and Joseph Bonaparte; Mourgues is appointed their secretary—Great preparations were making early in March last in England for a secret expedition, the troops to be employed in it were on the eve of embarkation when the last accounts came away.—The British government were taking every possible measure to procure a supply of grain for the country.

John Fries, the Northampton insurgent, is to be hung on the 23d instant, at which time will also be executed Hainey and Gettman, concerned in the same rebellious business. There are no other particular circumstances to relate, excepting some few local occurrences, a detail of which the limits of this publication do not embrace.

A CARD.

A SERIOUS CHRISTIAN, presents his most respectful compliments to the numerous body of rev. clergy *now* in this city; and would beg *one* or *more* of them, who are "*apt to teach*," to exhibit through some public medium, a proof, "*strong as holy writ*," that the Christian world have not erred in commemorating the nativity of our LORD at the winter solstice, rather than the autumnal equinox? That the autumnal equinox (which is 3 months distant from the winter solstice) is the true period for commemorating the *nativity*, is an opinion now made *public*; which, if it cannot be refuted, will lead to a belief of its truth.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To Miss ELIZA H———

NOT all the beauties heav'nly Venus boasts,
(Most fam'd of old upon the Cyprian coasts)
Nor Grecian Helen, whose all pow'rful charms,
Arous'd to mighty deeds a nation's arms;
Nor she, of Egypt, whose imperial sway
O'er Love's domain, forc'd Cæsar to obey,
Can boast a form so finish'd and divine,
As that, *Eliza*, that dear form of thine.
The flowing ringlets and the polish'd brow,
The rosy cheek and neck as white as snow,
The eye that pierces with a single glance,
More dangerous far than dart or hostile lance;
The vermeil lip, where thousand graces play,
And sport and wanton all the live long day;
The form exact—nought wanting to the view—
All these, too lovely maid, belong to you.
Yet from thy mind more lasting beauties spring,
That to thyself more admiration bring—
Than all the youthful and enchanting graces,
That decorate an hundred thousand faces;
Thy mind, where all the nobler virtues shine,
Good sense, propriety, the whole combine;
Thy mind, as pure and spotless as the Sun,
No passion clouds, nor gloomy thoughts o'er run;
Wins to itself the hearts of old and young,
Should they but hear thy all-persuasive tongue
In modest accents thy good sense distil,
More pow'rful far than all the *Magi*'s skill.
But cease, my Muse, forego the daring toil,
Thy pow'rs too feeble, quickly will recoil—
Quit the hard task, all that thou can'st thou'st said
Of fair *Eliza*, too enchanting maid.

ORLANDO.

From Campbell's Poems.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling *Danube*,
Fair *Adelaide* hied when the battle was o'er;
Oh whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my lover:
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?

What voice have I heard? 'twas my *Henry* that sigh'd;
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descri'd,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar!

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar;
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was fair *Adelaide's* heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?

Thou shalt live, she replied, Heav'n's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!
Ah, no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving!
No sigh of the morn shall to *Henry* return!

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
Ye babes of my love that await me afar!—
His faultring tougue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar.

MARIAN's COMPLAINT.

BY PETER PINDAR.

SINCE truth has left the shepherd's tongue,
Adieu the cheerful pipe and song!
Adieu the dance at closing day,
And ah! the happy morn of May!

How oft he told me I was fair,
And wove the garland for my hair!
How oft, for Marian, cull'd the bow'r,
And fill'd my lap with ev'ry flower.

No more his gift of guile I'll wear,
But from my brow the chaplet tear;
The crook he gave in pieces break,
And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
And carv'd on every oak my name!
Blush, Colin, that the wounded tree,
Is all that will remember me.

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